

SPORTS REVIEW

February 1982 47817 \$1.50

Wrestling



**THE APARTMENT
WRESTLER WHO
NEEDED TO FEEL PAIN**

**MIL
MASCARAS:
1,000 MASKS,
1,000 MOVES...
BUT NO TITLES**

The Kiwis vs. Colon & Apollo:
**THE MATCH WE MADE...
BUT NOW REGRET!**

*Memo To Jr. Heavyweight
Champion Jerry Brisco:*
**ONLY YOU CAN UPHOLD
THE HONOR OF THE NWA**

**ARE WE EXPECTING
TOO MUCH FROM
BRUNO SAMMARTINO JR.?**



OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION

- Champion: TITLE VACANT
- 1—BOB BACKLUND
 - 2—GREG VALENTINE
 - 3—MAGNIFICENT MURACO
 - 4—MIL MASCARAS
 - 5—TONY ATLAS
 - 6—KILLER KHAN
 - 7—KING KONG MOSCA
 - 8—PEDRO MORALES
 - 9—PAT PATTERSON
 - 10—JESSE VENTURA

AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

- Champion: NICK BOCKWINKEL
- 1—HULK HOGAN
 - 2—TITO SANTANA
 - 3—CRUSHER BLACKWELL
 - 4—CRUSHER
 - 5—KEN PATERA
 - 6—BARON VON RASCHKE
 - 7—SHEIK ADNAN AL-KAISSIE
 - 8—GINO HERNANDEZ
 - 9—BOBBY DUNCUM
 - 10—GREG GAGNE

MOST POPULAR

- 1—ANDRE THE GIANT
- 2—DUSTY RHODES
- 3—BOB BACKLUND
- 4—TOMMY RICH
- 5—MIL MASCARAS
- 6—TONY ATLAS
- 7—RICK STEAMBOAT
- 8—TED DIBLASE
- 9—MR. WRESTLING II
- 10—JERRY BRISCO



GREG VALENTINE



KEN PATERA



TOMMY RICH



SGT. SLAUGHTER

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

- Champion: RIC FLAIR
- 1—TOMMY RICH
 - 2—SGT. SLAUGHTER
 - 3—IVAN KOLOFF
 - 4—DUSTY RHODES
 - 5—CHARLIE COOK
 - 6—HARLEY RACE
 - 7—JACK BRISCO
 - 8—BLACKJACK MULLIGAN
 - 9—BOBBY JAGGERS
 - 10—PAUL ORNDORFF

TAG TEAMS

- 1—MR. FUJI & MR. SAITO
- 2—THE ANDERSON BROTHERS
- 3—GREG GAGNE & JIM BRUNZELL
- 4—JACK & JERRY BRISCO
- 5—MICHAEL HAYES & OTIS SISTRUNK
- 6—NIKOLAI VOLKOFF & CHRIS MARKOFF
- 7—BOBBY DUNCUM & KEN PATERA
- 8—MIKE GEORGE & JUNKYARD DOG
- 9—TULLY BLANCHARD & GINO HERNANDEZ
- 10—THE SAMOANS

MOST HATED

- 1—GREG VALENTINE
- 2—SGT. SLAUGHTER
- 3—KEN PATERA
- 4—MAGNIFICENT MURACO
- 5—KEVIN SULLIVAN
- 6—RODDY PIPER
- 7—KING KONG MOSCA
- 8—JOHN STUDD
- 9—HARLEY RACE
- 10—ERNE LADD

THE TATTLER

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NEW YORK, NY—Chaos reigned supreme here in New York City as Bob Backlund very nearly lost his title to Greg Valentine. At press time, the situation is still not



BOB BACKLUND

clear, with the WWF belt being held up by officials pending a rematch between Backlund and Valentine.

What happened, to my eyes, was that Backlund and Valentine had been going at it feverishly, with moves, counter-moves, and flailing limbs all over the place. Valentine spun Backlund over his head in a classic airplane spin, knocking the unwary referee, John

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Never before in this history of wrestling journalism have so many respected reporters been involved in so important a venture. The best wrestling correspondents from all over the world have been enlisted to report on the news behind the news. Every wrestling fan must consider this the most important column he can read!



THERE ARE TIMES when the editorial staff of this magazine sits down to review candidates for the prestigious "Wrestler of the Month" award and simply does not know what to do. A man who may have a reprehensible personality and exhibits everything BUT sportsmanlike conduct could, nevertheless, come under consideration for this honor.

In such a situation, the decision is always difficult and requires a great deal of additional consideration and argument before the final judgement is made.

This was precisely the case this month as we came to the difficult realization that the recipient of this month's award would have to be none other than the new U.S. champion, Sgt. Slaughter.

"It's about time someone with a little bit of backbone was put in charge," said Slaughter regarding his new title. "These pantywaist dogfaces will learn what discipline

is, and they'll learn it the hard way if necessary. I'm not about to put up with any loafing around, and if any of these challengers to the title think they'll have an easy go of it, they had better think again."

What brought Slaughter to this position of power was a series of circumstances through which he managed to survive at every turn. The odds were stacked highly against his ever getting the title, but he made it nonetheless. An admirable feat, regardless of how you feel about the man personally.

Some months ago, then-U.S. champion Wahoo McDaniel was injured in the ring, forcing him to take time off to relax and allow himself to heal. Unfortunately for McDaniel, the healing process took more than two months. Wahoo was unable to defend his title within the allotted 60-day period required by the rules governing the U.S. title.

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Sgt. Slaughter, who once offered \$5,000 to any man who could break his cobra clutch, applies the hold on Rick Steamboat (above). Rick, who was forced to wrestle with a leg injury suffered earlier in the tournament, momentarily stuns Slaughter with a karate thrust to the midsection (below).



WRESTLER OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 12)



Slaughter, whose stated goal is to toughen up his challengers, could be unprepared for the caliber of opponents he will face in the Mid-Atlantic. In one of his early defenses (above), Slaughter had to come back from far behind against Jay Youngblood.

As a result, the title was vacated and a tournament was drawn up. There was a series of 13 matches, and Slaughter had to face three strong opponents: Johnny Weaver, Jay Youngblood, and Rick Steamboat.

"Slaughter was something else during that tournament," confessed Johnny Weaver. "I can't say that I really admire the man, but he was able to work his way through to the finish. There were times during our match that I thought I had him, but he managed to turn the tide and come back anyway. It was the same in his matches against Youngblood and Steamboat. No, I can't admire the man, but I must say that he put up

one hell of a struggle."

And struggle he did, as he made his way to the final round and a match against Rick Steamboat.

"I was really up for that match psychologically," explained Steamboat, "but physically, I just couldn't do it. I had injured my leg earlier in the tournament and simply was not operating at 100 percent efficiency. Had I been all right, I'm positive that Slaughter would never have made it through that final round. As it was, I came very close, but my bad leg gave Slaughter the slight edge he needed. I know that given a rematch, his title wouldn't last long at all."

When told of Steamboat's

assessment of their final round match, Slaughter was, to say the least, unimpressed.

"The man's a goldbrick, plain and simple," the Sgt. barked. "It's precisely his type of laziness that I'll be looking to eliminate from all challengers to the U.S. title. I'm sick of listening to whining and excuses, and I'll have none of it from here on in. If they can't stand the heat, they had better get the hell out of the kitchen, because I'll be sure to make it plenty hot for all of them."

Like it or not, congratulations this time around go to Sgt. Slaughter, *Sports Review Wrestling's* "Wrestler of the Month." □

The Inquiring Reporter

No one knows wrestling better than the fans.

Because of this, we're now giving these experts a forum for their views and opinions. Each month, we'll ask a controversial question and have the fans answer—no matter what those answers might be!

THE QUESTION:

"How do you think Ric Flair will handle the NWA championship?"

THE ANSWERS:

Scooter Hoenig, Forest Hills, NY:

"I really couldn't care less how he handles whatever it is he's got now. That two-faced excuse for a human being is more worthless than a tailor in a nudist colony. You say he's a champion, now? Bull! I say he's nothing. He's not even worth the paper this magazine is printed on, and I'm ashamed to know that you are devoting so much space to him."

Becky Ablin, Mouth of Pond, KY:

"I think he's going to do just fine. He's such a gorgeous hunk of man. I don't think he can do anything wrong, and I do mean *anything*! Ric Flair is beautiful, he's sexy, he's absolutely the best wrestler who has ever come along. When I see him smile, I get goose bumps all over my body. I can't wait to see him demolish all the challengers that come his way, because that's what he's going to do: he'll be the NWA champion for a long, long time."

Luke Short, Atlanta, GA: "I just



The fans across the country are split in their feelings on the new NWA champion, Ric Flair. Flair, whose style is cheered by some and jeered by others, has quickly become one of the most controversial champions of all time.

don't know. He's had the U.S. title, the Mid-Atlantic title, a lot of others, but nothing as important as the NWA title. This is an honor that commands a lot of respect and demands a lot of responsibility. I hope he can be up to the task, because he is a hell of a human being, and I mean that. He's going to be, and I hope I'm right, the best champion the NWA has ever seen . . . that is if he doesn't crack from the pressure of the title, first."

Fulton Oursler, Kansas City, MO:

"Listen to me, now son, and listen good. I've seen Flair wrestle dozens of times, and I was there at ringside when he destroyed that blubber-butt Rhodes to gain the championship. Listen good when I tell you right now that Ric Flair will be a superb champion, he will have no problem at all with handling the responsibilities of the title, and he's going to obliterate any and all

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TOP WRESTLER

YOUR QUESTION

Do you have a question which concerns all of wrestling? Each month in **SPORTS REVIEW WRESTLING**, the sport's top superstars will answer a question sent in by a reader. If you wish to have your question answered by the wrestlers, send it to:

ASK THE STARS
Sports Review Wrestling
Box 48
Rockville Centre, N.Y.
11571

The "Question of the Month" is:
"What do you think of the retirement of Bruno Sammartino?"

Submitted by:
Richard Major,
Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania



LARRY ZBYSZKO

"Ah, the man was no living legend. He was a living bore, if you ask me. And since you did, I'm telling you: the reason Bruno retired now is because I'm getting ready to return to the ring myself. He was afraid to face me again, afraid of being embarrassed in front of those jerks who call themselves his fans."



BRUNO SAMMARTINO JR.

"I talked it over with my father, and I fully understand why he is doing what he is doing. I admire him more than anyone else in this sport, and that has nothing to do with the fact that he is my father. He made a lot of enemies and a lot of friends in 22 years. I'll be happy if I can just begin to carry on the proud Sammartino name."



BOB BACKLUND

"What can you say? The man is a legend, perhaps the very best wrestler ever to step into the ring. I have always had a great amount of respect for the man, and I always will. It's a shame to see him retire, and he will be missed by many of the wrestlers as well as the fans."



GEORGE "THE ANIMAL" STEELE

"Bruno . . . gone, for good now, gone . . . me show him, you know? Me show him at New Jersey what is like . . . me take care of him in him last match, show him good time . . . him try kill me with table, throw chair in my head . . . me show him how to take care of things, me show him how bad him is . . . him bad, him gone is good."

RS ANSWER OF THE MONTH



BUDDY ROGERS

"It's about time that senile old crow decided to hang it up. I can't stand him, and I'm sorry to see him go. All I've heard about for almost 20 years is how he defeated me in 48 seconds for the WWF title. Fans ask me, other wrestlers ask me. Damn it, enough is enough. No, I'm not sorry to see him go at all."



STAN STASIAK

"The hell with him. The sooner he's gone, the better. Frankly, if he had left the sport 10 years ago it wouldn't have broken my heart then, either. Yeah, he took the WWF title from me. Okay, so I only had it nine days, but I'll tell you, he may have been there a long time, but he was never championship material."



PEDRO MORALES

"A superb man, Bruno Sammartino. I am saddened that he is leaving wrestling, but apparently it is a choice of his own, to leave while he is still strong and on top. To me, Bruno will always be the champion's champion, a man to be trusted and honored for all time. He truly lived up to his name: he was definitely a living legend."



GORILLA MONSOON

"There will never be another man like Bruno Sammartino. He is one of the all-time greats, Bruno is, and I'm really sorry to see him go. I don't know what his exact plans are, but I do hope he will keep some sort of a hand in the sport, even if he's not wrestling anymore."



ARNOLD SKOALAND

"Bruno Sammartino. The name itself evokes such images of greatness and legend that mere words can't begin to describe his contributions to the sport of wrestling. He was and is a giant of a man, both in and out of the ring. I am very proud to be able to number Bruno among my friends."



CAPTAIN LOU ALBANO

"Aww, listen to me now babies, because the Captain is going to tell you that once this fossil, this dinosaur of the wrestling world Bruno gets his face out of the ring and out of the sport that things will be 110 percent better than they have ever been for the last 22 years, and that's the honest truth, my friends, it's about time he left."

SCRAPBOOK

Compiled By Stu Saks

NOVEMBER/ DECEMBER 1966

Two AWA title changes topped the news. Exactly one year to the day that Mad Dog Vachon captured the title from Crusher in Denver, Crusher's tag team partner, Bruiser, took the title from Vachon in Omaha. Then, in the same arena, one week later, Vachon recaptured the belt from Bruiser . . . WWF champion Bruno Sammartino defended his title at Madison Square Garden twice, beating Bulldog Brower with a backbreaker in 11:58 and pinning Tank Morgan in two straight falls . . . The Sheik failed in his attempt to bite off Ricky Sexton's nose, but he did manage to pin his foe in 6:36 . . . NWA champ Gene Kiniski refused to give a rematch to the man from whom he took the title—Lou Thesz—but he did relent to fan pressure in giving Hiro Matsuda a title match. The Japanese black belt karate expert almost had the title in his grasp, but the champion was disqualified for excessive choking, thus retaining his belt on a technicality. By the way, Gene was doing a lot of bragging about his son, Kelly, who was starting to take a great interest in sports . . . Al Costello, just months after splitting with Roy



Sam Muchnick, one of the most respected promoters in the sport of wrestling was re-elected National Wrestling Alliance president. Muchnick is no longer NWA president, but still promotes in St. Louis.

Shire, thus dissolving The Kangaroos, formed a devastating tag team with Karl Von Brauner under the management of the cunning Saul Weingeroff . . . Unable to get a title match with Mad

Dog Vachon, Verne Gagne formed a tag team with highly respected Wilbur Snyder . . . Sam Muchnick was reelected president of the NWA . . . Fritz Von Erich got involved in a feud with the Funk family that has since become a family feud . . .

NWA RATINGS: 1-Gene Kiniski; 2-Fritz Von Erich; 3-Lou Thesz; 4-Dory Funk Jr.; 5-Eddie Graham; 6-Hiro Matsuda; 7-The Sheik; 8-Johnny Powers; 9-Bob Ellis; 10-Sam Steamboat. **WWF RATINGS:** 1-Bruno Sammartino; 2-Baron Scichuna; 3-Bill Miller; 4-Mr. Kleen; 5-Tank Morgan; 6-Bulldog Brower; 7-King Curtis; 8-Vittorio Apollo; 9-Danny Miller; 10-Waldo Von Erich. **AWA RATINGS:** 1-Mad Dog Vachon; 2-Verne Gagne; 3-Bruiser; 4-Crusher; 5-Killer Kowalski; 6-Reg Parks; 7-The Alaskan; 8-Blackjack



NWA champion Gene Kiniski was adamant in his refusal to give a rematch to former champion Lou Thesz.

Lanza; 9-Doug Gilbert; 10-Harley Race. TAG TEAMS: 1-Larry Hennig & Harley Race; 2-Bruiser & Crusher; 3-Bulldog Brower & Baron Scicluna; 4-Mitsu Arakawa & Kenji Shibuya; 5-Sam Steamboat & Dick Steinborn; 6-Pedro Morales & Ricky Romero; 7-The Assassins; 8-Catalina Drake & Luther Lindsay; 9-Al Costello & Karl Von Brauner; 10-The Masked Medics.

NOVEMBER/ DECEMBER 1971

Karl Gotch and Rene Goulet took two straight falls from "Crazy" Luke

Mongols in Pittsburgh . . . Rocky Johnson retained his U.S. title with a controversial decision over Pat Patterson in San Francisco. The referee stopped the match when he determined a cut on Patterson's head to be too dangerous. Patterson was ahead one fall to none at the time of the stoppage . . . Johnson and Pepper Gomez reigned as tag team champs of the Bay Area as well . . . Pacific Coast champion Freddie Blassie invaded the East Coast with one mission: conquer Pedro Morales and win the WWF championship. Blassie was in for a surprise. When he tried his familiar biting tactics, Morales retaliated with even more of the same. The bout was stopped in Morales' favor due to excessive bleeding on Blassie's part . . . Baba the

Giant had a good month in Japan, wrestling to a no-contest with Killer Kowalski and defeating Terry Funk and Cowboy Bob Ellis . . . NWA champion Dory Funk Jr. had a close call in Vancouver, British Columbia, barely beating Mark Lewin back into the ring after an exchange of blows on the floor . . . In Houston, the team of Wahoo McDaniel, Ernie Ladd, Johnny Valentine, and Jose Lothario defeated The Spoiler, Prof. Tanaka, Buddy Wolfe, and Pat Patterson. The winners split \$15,000 in prize money . . . Bobby Shane retained his Southern championship with wins over Johnny Walker, Hiro Matsuda, Louis Tillet, and George Gaiser in Florida . . . The Sheik unmasked The Assassin, revealing Guy

(Continued on page 52)



Graham and Tarzan Tyler to win the WWF tag team championship. Earlier in the month, Tyler and Graham (with illegal assistance from manager Lou Albano) gained sole possession of the title with a victory over The



Karl Gotch and Rene Goulet proudly pose in the Madison Square Garden dressing room after taking two straight falls and the WWF tag team belts from "Crazy" Luke Graham and Tarzan Tyler (above left). Fred Blassie traveled across the country for a shot at Pedro Morales' WWF title, but came up empty (above).

THE YOUNG MAN took a deep breath before rushing from the dressing room to the ring. As he brushed aside the curtain that separates the arena from the dressing room area, there was a roar of recognition from the crowd. The young man trotted down the runway to the ring, his right hand high in the air as if orchestrating the resounding cheers from the soldout arena.

"Go get 'em, Bruno!" screamed a young woman sitting near ringside. Awright Bruno, knock 'em silly!" yelled an elderly man as he patted the hurrying figure on the back. Bruno Sammartino Jr. smiled during his 80-foot run to the ring. But behind the smile, in the young man's eyes, lurked a tinge of anxiety.

Bruno Sammartino Jr. has been wrestling for less than a year. As the son of one of wrestling's all-time greats, though, he has been preparing for his profession almost from birth. But Bruno Jr. is about to learn the hard lesson other rookies have learned before him. It's a tough sport he's chosen to participate in.

Statistics tell the story. Out of every 100 rookies who enter pro wrestling, 65 are gone from the sport by their second year. After five years, only nine of the original 100 remain. The beatings, the grueling schedule, and the pain all take their toll.

But Bruno Sammartino Jr. may have it even tougher than most rookies. While most rookies try and take a relatively easy schedule, Bruno Jr. wanted to wrestle main-event matches against hardened veterans. Promoters and fans don't seem to realize he is just a 20-year old kid.

"I think a lot of people believe the kid is Bruno Sr.," said Mr. Wrestling II, a close friend of the Sammartino family. "These

people expect Bruno Jr. to step in and be the kind of wrestler his father was just before he retired. Heck, it took Bruno Sr. 22 years to reach his highest point of greatness. You gotta give the kid some room to grow. If not, he'll be out of wrestling in a matter of months."

Many observers point to Sammartino Jr.'s recent verbal challenge to Ray Stevens as an example of how the youngster is pushing himself too hard too fast. Stevens has been wrestling for almost 20 years. He has won virtually every title the sport can bestow. To be blunt, Bruno Jr. does not yet belong in the ring with a brutal veteran like Stevens.

"You've got to wrestle the toughest guys around if you want to learn," said Bruno Jr. about the Stevens challenge. "Even if I lose, it's the experience that counts. He

of the world's foremost grapplers. Why is Bruno Jr. seemingly going out of his way to wrestle so grueling a schedule?

"People expect a Sammartino to take the toughest challenges he can find," said Bruno Jr. "My dad never ran from a challenge. Neither will I. Now that my dad is retired, it's more important than ever that I succeed. Sure I can take it easy and wrestle prelim guys and other rookies for a couple of years. But what will that prove? People expect that there should be a Sammartino at the top of this sport. After all, there's been one there for the last 22 years. Today I'm the only Bruno Sammartino around. I've got to get to the top fast."

It's a dangerous and treacherous mountain Bruno Jr. is climbing. Many are afraid he is pushing himself beyond any

ARE WE EXPECTING TOO MUCH FROM BRUNO SAMMARTINO JR.?

might be able to beat me once. But next time it would be different. I'd know better."

Perhaps Bruno Jr. would be lucky to have a next time after he wrestles Stevens. Many other rookies' careers have been ended by Stevens' treachery. True, young Bruno has acquitted himself marveously against every man he's met so far. But Stevens is one

acceptable limits. Bruno's best friend, Kevin Von Erich, knows what the young man is going through.

"I'm also the oldest son of a great wrestler," Von Erich said. "When I started a couple of years ago, I found myself caught up in feuds my father had been having for years. Guys who hated my father tried to take it out on me. And I

heard the same thing Bruno is hearing today, you know, the kid is going to burn himself out and stuff like that. But the experts don't realize one thing Bruno and I are not like most rookies. We've both got great amateur careers behind us. We may be young, but we're ready. Sure, sometimes he may get in over his head. But that's okay. In each match he'll learn more and more. In a couple of years, Bruno will be unstoppable."

Still, Bruno Jr is contemplating taking on too hard a schedule for such a young man. The risk of permanent injury is always there. Too often, the fastest route to the top is also the shortest road to disaster. Wrestling fans and writers have to realize Bruno Jr has a long way to go before he has the ability of his father. They can't let the name and the uncanny resemblance to his father fool

them. Bruno Sammartino Jr is a rookie, and he has a lot to learn. It's wrong to force him to take matches against men who have logged more years in the ring than Bruno Jr has on earth.

But the young man will not change. "I'm a Sammartino," he explained. Those three words will make him great. Or ensure his untimely doom. □



The Kiwis vs. Colon & Apollo



**THE MATCH WE MADE...
BUT NOW REGRET!**

WHEN THE EDITORS of *Sports Review Wrestling* get together to assess new talent, the thought of actually testing their abilities within the squared circle never enters our minds . . . well, almost never.

When El Gran Apollo exploded on the scene, a collective feeling of awe and admiration swept through our offices. Here was a man who represented all that is good and honorable about young, up-and-coming wrestlers. A man of integrity, a man of honor, these are the qualities reflected by El Gran Apollo.

No doubt these qualities were passed on by Apollo's mentor, Carlos Colon. An enormous superstar in Puerto Rico, having held many championships there, Colon trained Apollo for a number of years, schooling him in both the physical and the mental rigors of becoming a scientific wrestler.

Once Apollo hit the American wrestling circuit, fans and professionals alike began to sit up and take notice. There was something particularly special about this young man, something which could very possibly carry him all the way to the top someday.

"You know," began Associate Editor Stu Saks at a luncheon meeting, "I wonder what it would be like to see Apollo and



Admittedly *SPORTS REVIEW WRESTLING* overstepped its bounds when it arranged a match pitting The Kiwi Shepherders against El Gran Apollo and Carlos Colon. Opposite left: Crazy Luke and Maniac Johnson double-team Colon. Above: Jonathan Ioris Colon's abdominal stretch attempt with a dive from the top turnbuckle.

The editors of *SPORTS REVIEW WRESTLING* liked newcomer El Gran Apollo. They wanted to see just how good he was, just how much punishment he could endure if given the chance. In his tag team match against The Kiwi Shepherders, he endured maximum abuse . . . and then some.

Colon in a tag team together. The teacher and the pupil wrestling as one against some pair of opponents. I'm curious how they would work together, and I wonder how Apollo would react in a situation like that."

"Well, I think he would be pretty cool about it," replied Managing Editor Bill Apter. "For a young wrestler, he seems to have a great deal of poise and I think it would carry him well against most opponents.

Now place him against a team like The Kiwis and see what would happen."

"The Kiwis?" asked Associate Editor Craig Peters in total astonishment. "How could you even imagine sending Apollo



Above: El Gran Apollo and his mentor, Carlos Colon, are poised for action. Right: After disposing of Jonathan with a dropkick, Apollo attempts to do the same to Luke. Apollo's aerial skills are extraordinary but still a bit unrefined.

up against those maniacs? Colon, maybe . . . he's had the experience. But Apollo is too green, and these Kiwis have been tearing up the whole Florida area. Granted, it would be a fascinating match, but I think it's pretty brutal to do it to a guy like Apollo."

"Well, I think it can be done," replied Bill Apter, "and I think a match against a tough pair with his teacher and mentor is just what Apollo needs to boost his morale, credibility, and abilities. I'm going to make a few phone calls and see what I can do to get them together."

Soon, it was set. A week and a half after that conversation, the crazed Kiwis, Maniac Jonathan and Crazy Luke, would take on El Gran Apollo and his mentor Carlos Colon.

Suffice to say, the match was a mistake.

The Kiwis lived up to their reputations . . . they were



certainly crazed, and maniacal! Often double-teaming either Apollo or Colon, they managed to evade the actions of the referee and continued to heap huge amounts of abuse upon the pair.

At one point in the match Crazy Luke and Maniac

Jonathan double-teamed Carlos Colon, both choking the Puerto Rican superstar at the same time.

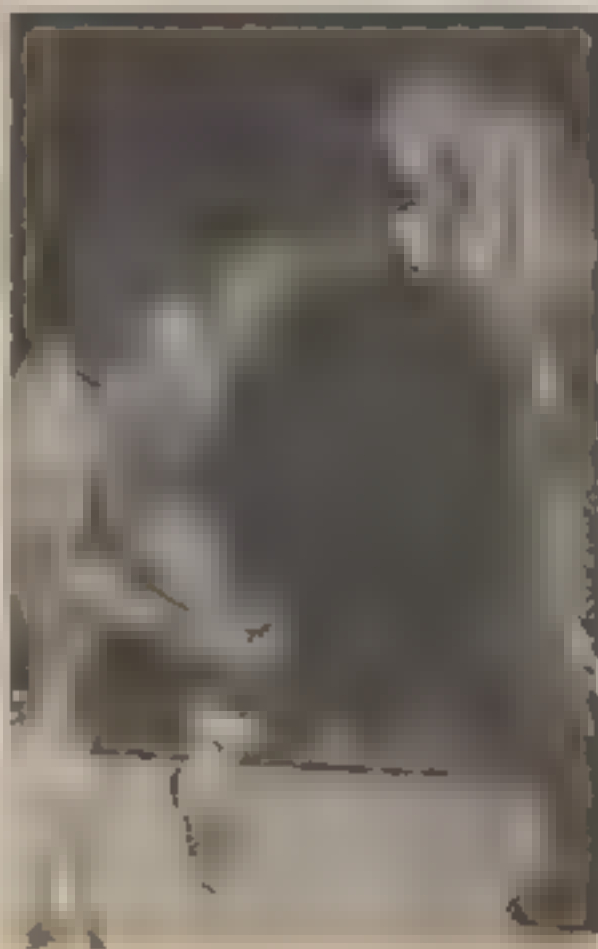
"Choke man, go for no breath," screamed Crazy Luke as he and his twisted brother tightened their grips upon Colon's throat. "It's good, hear



gurg.e, heh, heh, keep no breath, this no man good, heh heh, heh!"

As the crowd cheered and implored Colon to recover and exact well-deserved revenge against The Kiwi Shepherders, Apollo came to his rescue, distracting the crazed pair long enough for Colon to regain his breath and rejoin the action.

As Colon prepared to deliver a series of deathblows, the referee terminated the match declaring The Kiwi Shepherders disqualified due to their double-teaming tactics, as well as their brutally aggressive maneuvers which could not have possibly fallen under the



Above: The Kiwis, in all their ugliness, gaze across the ring. Left: Apollo leaps high in the air before angling his body to deliver a dropkick. Bottom: Luke, who has no knowledge of the rules of his profession, snacks on Colon's fingers.

auspices of even the most lenient of wrestling codes.

"I thought Apollo and Colon performed magnificently," said Apter following the match. "The Kiwis are the most absurdly insane tag team to be running roughshod across the southern states, and for Apollo to have done as well as he did, along with Colon, is testament to their skill in the ring."

"Are you kidding?" cried Saks in amazement. "They almost got destroyed! The Kiwis are too insane to be allowed in the ring even with someone like George Steele! It was a match we never should have put together. If you saw the faces of Apollo and Colon after the match, you would have seen how tired they were! Bad idea, Bill, very, very bad idea."

We now know better. It will be a long time before this editorial staff initiates another wrestling match. □

ATENTION JERRY BRISCO
We, the editors of *Sports Review Wrestling*, believe that there is a situation developing within the National Wrestling Alliance that only you can address with proper effectiveness.

An alarming change is now being weathered by the NWA. This is due primarily to the ascension of Ric Flair to the championship throne.

As we certainly do not have to explain to you, Ric Flair is clearly a different type of man than Dusty Rhodes. When Dusty was champion, the NWA had a certain type of character, a definite type of flavor. Dusty was, in many ways, a man who could be trusted to place the demands and necessities of the title before his own personal interests.

Now Ric Flair is champion. This means a complete upheaval of how the NWA is perceived by fans and professionals alike.

According to our mail, wrestling fans are strongly against Ric Flair as a titleholder. He is viewed by many as a despicable and reprehensible person, as well as a wrestler who cannot be trusted to adhere to the rules of the sport.

Of course there are those fans of wrestling who feel that rule-breaking and brawling are part of what should be admired in this sport. Well, we can't understand their feelings, and we certainly can't explain them to the rest of our readers who feel that there are certain minimum guidelines which should be adhered to at all times.

We find it highly unfortunate that a man like Ric Flair, who admittedly has a great deal of talent and potential, should feel that he has to stoop to such embarrassing tactics as he does on a regular basis.

As a champion and primary representative of the NWA, Flair

will continue to engage in this type of behavior. He will continue to brawl, he will continue to ignore commonly accepted rules and guidelines, and he will continue to draw a great deal of criticism from all corners of the wrestling community. It is a shame that the NWA should have such a man as an example for others to follow.

This is where you must mobilize your energies, Jerry Brisco.

When you wrestled then junior heavyweight champion Les Thornton for the title, you engaged in a clean match. There was no brawling on your part, and your maneuvers and holds were a pleasure to behold.

Your efforts won you the title. For the sake of the junior heavyweight title, this was a tremendous step forward. Thornton had the type of

(Continued on page 48,

Memo To Jr. Heavyweight Champion Jerry Brisco:

ONLY YOU CAN UPHOLD THE HONOR OF THE NWA

We know that you read this magazine, Jerry Brisco. We also know that there is a situation developing in the NWA which could threaten the existence of the whole organization. It is up to you to turn that trend around. Read what we have to say to you, Jerry . . . it could mean the future of the NWA.



By Craig Peters

IN MEXICO CITY, the air is much thinner than it is on my native Long Island. Building your city high in the mountains will do that, you know. Just climbing the stairs from the road to the main entrance of Mil Mascaras' training center had me gasping for air.

I remember the 1968 Olympics and the trouble that many athletes—particularly runners—

had due to the air here. Hell, I play a lot of racquetball; I consider myself to have a decent amount of stamina. Yet here I was, huffing and puffing like I had just run the Boston Marathon. I couldn't understand at all why Mascaras would put his training center in a place like this.

The knocker on the front door was an enormous, very ornately crafted piece of gold. It would have been amazingly impressive in and

of itself, were it not for the splendid architecture of the entire training building. Upon sounding my arrival, a voice came through a loudspeaker next to the door.

"Come right in," said Mil Mascaras. "I am downstairs in the weight room. Straight ahead, down the staircase, and to your right."

Then, I heard a sound like that heard in apartment buildings when the person upstairs presses the

MIL MASCARAS 1,000 MA 1,000 I BUT NO

Time and again, master wrestler Mil Mascaras goes up against some of the toughest titleholders in all of sport. Time and again, he is thwarted from gaining any championship.

At his training center in Mexico City, Mil Mascaras explains why he has not held that elusive major title . . . and why he someday will

buzzer to let you open the door. I entered and made my way through a breathtaking foyer towards the stairs and down into Mil's weight training area.

Mil was at the bench press when I entered the room. The weights were set at 335 pounds, and Mil was doing an awesome series of quick lifts.

"I'll be right with you," he said as he continued the count 42 .. 43. 44 . . . Up to 50, he stretched his

arms outward, locking his elbows, and down again. The entire exercise must have taken less than three minutes, a staggering testament to the incredible strength of this man of a thousand masks.

The question was still nagging me, and I had to ask him: "Doesn't this thin air bother you at all?"

"Yes, I suppose I can feel it a little bit," said Mil with a bit of a chuckle in his voice. "but in the

long run it is good for me. When I train in thin air like this, my stamina is that much more sturdy when I enter the ring in an arena that is situated at sea level."

We talked for a while, Mil explaining his penchant for meticulous perfectionism in both his training and his actual wrestling. Finally, I asked him what everybody wanted to know. "Why have the major titles eluded you?"

MASCARAS: MASKS, MOVES... NO TITLES



Mascaras was unsuccessful in his recent bid for Magnificent Muraco's Intercontinental championship (above) and his 1977 bid for Superstar Billy Graham's WWF title (below). The masked man is not discouraged, however.





Many people cannot understand how a man of Mascaras' talents has not captured a world title. In truth Mascaras has outshown the champions in head-to-head battle, but technicalities have deprived him of his goal. Mil throws Harley Race off the turnbuckles (left) and dives upon a flat-footed Terry Funk (above).

"It is a funny thing, I must say. I have wrestled in many major title matches, but there always seems to be some sort of technicality involved," explained Mascaras. "I have wrestled for the NWA belt a number of times, when Harley Race was champion, and when both Dory Funk Jr. and Jack Brisco held the title. I wrestled against Muraco for the Intercontinental championship, and I met Superstar Billy Graham when he was the WWF champion.

"So you see," continued Mil, "I have not really been stuck for a lack of title matches. And I train very hard for each match. But I am always running up against petty technical rules. In one match it is that my opponent has his foot on the rope, in another it is that the champion gets counted out of the ring. I have come close on many occasions, but that major championship belt always eludes my grasp."



Mascaras could easily win a title if he just bended the rules in his favor. But Mil is an honorable man, and a title won in that manner would hold little meaning to him. Mascaras congratulates NWA champion Dory Funk Jr. in 1969 as ring announcer Jimmy Lennon and referee Johnny Dugan look on.

Yet sportsman that he is, Mil Mascaras will never give up the quest for that ultimate goal.

"I think that a lot of titles are kept through questionable means," revealed Mascaras. "It seems to me a shame that someone like Muraco who holds a championship belt would stoop to something like getting himself disqualified simply so that he can retain his own title. I will not lower myself to performing questionable moves in the ring, so

maybe this is the main reason I have not won a title yet."

Regardless of the competition, Mil Mascaras is one man who will always maintain the highest level of integrity both in and out of the ring.

"I am confident," says Mil, "that if I stick to it long enough, that my style will win out over these men who feel the unfortunate necessity to, shall we say, bend the rules a little bit?"

Mil Mascaras is a man who will persevere, no matter what the competition says or does. As I left him to continue his weight training, I wondered how long it would take before he finally does achieve that major heavyweight championship. I know for a fact that eventually, it will come to the man of a thousand masks. For a man of his integrity and ability can afford to wait a while . . . and do it right. □

THE APARTMENT WRESTLER WHO NEEDED TO FEEL PAIN



She was always the person to turn to when things were going badly. She was a good listener and she had an understanding heart. Finally Nana had to burst from the image that stifled her innermost personality: Destiny brought Nana to apartment wrestling and she will never be the same



One hand gripping the hair and the other tugging back on the chin. Nana is driven to sadism by years of being a kindly do-gooder (above). Her blonde foe cries out in agony, but there would be none from Nana (below).

THE CAMPFIRE GLOWED yellow-red in the early dawn. Nana sat in her sleeping bag, watching the sun rise over Mt. Washington. This was her fourth day camping, and her supplies were as low as feelings. This was not what she had hoped for at all.

It was four nights ago when she grabbed her sleeping bag, a rucksack, a tent, and left New York for the Vermont mountains. She had to flee the circle of friends that seemed to be turning into a noose. She couldn't save the world any longer.

Nana is the kind of woman everyone seeks when they're troubled. It's exhausting. If someone's lover leaves at four in the morning, Nana immediately gets a call to come and hold the



tilted party's hand. Having trouble at work? Talk it out with Nana, she's a good listener. Someone in the family seriously ill? Nana will be there when you weep, help get everything in order, and cook a few meals to make sure you eat something.

For a select but growing community of upscale New Yorkers, Nana was psychiatrist, friend, advisor, and confessor. There was no need to worry that Nana might be tired of all this; she had a good heart. There was always room for one more sufferer, one more major catastrophe.

No one except Nana realized they were draining the life out of the beautiful brunette. Her mind was buffeted by the problems of the world. She found herself constantly miserable, anxious and worn. Every time the phone rang, she began to tremble. A knock on the door sounded like the knell of doom. Nana had to get away.

Like every person who lives in a city, Nana thought the country would bring her peace. She packed up and went to the Vermont mountains. For four days and nights, she lived alone in a clearing off the trail. She didn't even want the forest ranger to disturb her.

He didn't. Nor did anyone else. The only living creature she saw was a squirrel, and it didn't ask for help. It simply gnawed a hole in her rucksack and stole her stash of nuts. All that money at the health food store so some rodent could have a clean system. This was not what she had hoped for at all.

No, the problem wasn't something one could run away from. She had to face the problem. She had to clear her head of all the anguish, anger, and tragedy that other people had put in it. She needed some cleansing experience to wash away the horror.

At that point, she remembered reading Ernest Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon*. In it, he writes of the cleansing sensation of



Nana lunges awkwardly across her opponent's body but her hand finds its target (left). The shapely blonde has taken enough. Teaching Nana a lesson in pain, Fiona seems determined to wrap Nana's braided hair around her foot (above)

killing a bull in the ring. The primitive violence, the clean battle between life and death was in the end an affirmation process. If there was one thing Nana needed, it was affirmation.

She packed up her camping gear, strapped it to her rucksack, and started down the mountain. She passed other hikers but didn't notice. Her mind was set on one thing and one thing only. She was going to confront something on the most primitive, savage level of existence.

Her mind raced through the choices. At first, she considered doing something illegal— a bank job, a mugging, or knocking over a liquor store. She liked the way that sounded, "knocking over a liquor store." She laughed out loud at the absurdity of it. It was the first time she had laughed in quite a while.

No, she wasn't going to break

the law. But she had to do something violent. She had to hurt someone, punish this person for all the kindness Nana had given. And Nana needed to take punishment in return, to feel the instantaneous flash of physical pain. The mental kind was long and slow and impossible to conquer. She wanted instant pain and quicker release.

She was almost to the base of the mountain when she realized what she wanted to do. Her friend Harry, often told her about apartment wrestling. He went often to the various matches held in the city's most plush penthouses. She liked the idea of many people watching her be cruel. She liked the idea of being cruel.

She was so excited that the phone call couldn't wait until she got back to the city. Taking \$2.50 worth of change, she called Harry and asked to be an apartment

wrestler. At first, Harry laughed.

"Nana, you can't be an apartment wrestler. If your opponent gets hurt, you'll try to help her. You'll lose on purpose just so she won't get her feelings hurt."

With the cold softness in her voice that makes grown men's flesh crawl, Nana replied, "I want the match."

Harry didn't laugh. He simply asked, "When?"

"As soon as possible."

"Yes, ma'am."

The match was set for two weeks later. Her opponent would be Fiona, a hard blonde with a past out of most women's nightmares. No one knows much about her, and nobody has dared to dig too deep. She never volunteers any information or talks to any of the spectators. One executive said of her, "She's a closed corporation."

(Continued on page 56)



It is rare when a man with the dignity of Jose Lothario loses his temper. But in a match against madman Brute Bernard, the usually even-tempered Lothario became a raging wildman. Before fans get the wrong idea, Lothario would like them to read this story. It is an apology which comes from his heart

JOSE LOTHARIO'S APOLOGY TO THE FANS

THE FOLLOWING LETTER was sent to this office by Jose Lothario. We print it in its entirety.

'Dear Fans

"Some of you may have been at my recent match with Brute Bernard. Others may have heard about it. For what I did, there can be no excuse. Instead, I wish to apologize to everyone connected with wrestling for what happened.

"There can be no excuse for what I did. To blame it on Bernard's savage tactics would be saying I have no control over myself. I'm responsible for what I do. I take full blame.

First off, no matter how wild a match gets, there is no reason

to bring foreign objects into the ring. When I brought the broom through the ropes and tried to bludgeon Bernard with it, I was totally out of control. My temper got the best of me. That's inexcusable in a professional. If I am fined or suspended for my behavior, I will think the sentence just.

Next, a wrestler is obligated to keep the match within the ring. If the action spills over the ropes, then the wrestler is obligated to climb back. Not only is this best for the match, but it insures spectators won't be hurt accidentally. The last thing I want is for a fan to be hurt.

Against Bernard, I allowed

the match to take place outside the ring for too long a time. Of course, I've traded blows with opponents outside the ring before, but never for so long. May I assure my fans this will never happen again.

Once again, I'd like to apologize to all my fans and everyone who respects wrestling. The next time I wrestle Brute Bernard, and I promise there will be a next time, I'll wrestle scientifically. Also, I'll defeat him so thoroughly that he'll never wrestle in Texas again. I owe that to the fans."

Sincerely,
Jose Lothario



It was tactics like this choke (right) which caused Jose Lothario to go berserk (above and below). Jose feels shame for his actions.



This superb wrestler once again proves he is also a gentleman of the highest caliber. Most wrestlers would brag about how the match was wild and dangerous. Others would proclaim themselves to be all powerful for making Bernard Lee back to the dressing room. Lothario apologizes for not wrestling within the rules.

Despite what the letter says, no one can really blame Jose for what he did. Bernard has a knack for bringing out the worst in anyone. This night, the unscrupulous grappler was at his savage best. From the opening bell he tore into Jose with primitive abandon. This





wasn't sport but alley fighting at its dirtiest. It's the kind of wrestling Bernard likes best.

Jose struggled to maintain some decorum, but it was a hopeless battle. Technically perfect wrestling moves were countered by despicable gutter tactics. There was no chance to keep this battle in the realm of professional wrestling. Sooner or later, Jose had to snap and go down to the gutter to get Bernard.

The inevitable happened.

The two men were struggling

near the ring ropes when Jose's hand grabbed a broom left lying by the post. Without thinking, he took the stick and used it as a weapon. He repeatedly jabbed it into Bernard's chest and belly. The expression on Jose's face revealed his mindless hatred.

Soon after, the action spilled out of the ring. Chairs were grabbed and smashed over heads. The referee was forced to disqualify both men. For a moment, it looked like the police would be called to restore order.

Fortunately, Bernard felt he'd had enough for one night and fled the arena. Jose was left standing alone outside the ring. The battle passion ebbed and hatred was replaced by shame.

Jose went back to the dressing room and asked reporters not to question him. He promised a statement would be forthcoming soon.

The letter was that statement. It takes a big man to confront Brute Bernard in battle. It takes a great man to write that letter.



Left: Brute Bernard leads Jose Lothario through the audience as if he were a Guernsey cow. Above: Bernard snags a photographer after ramming Lothario's head into a metal wall. Below: Bernard's knee to Lothario's head has the Latin star groggy. It was soon after this that Lothario went on his rampage.

Jose Lothario is a great man.

In contrast, Brute Bernard is incapable of any sportsmanlike feelings. We contacted him about the letter and asked if he had anything to add.

"Tell Lothario and the fans," he shouted, "that the next time I meet that bum in the ring will be the last time he ever wrestles. I'm gonna break every bone in his body. That's a promise!"

Jose Lothario also made a promise about that match. Only the future will tell us which promise will be kept. □

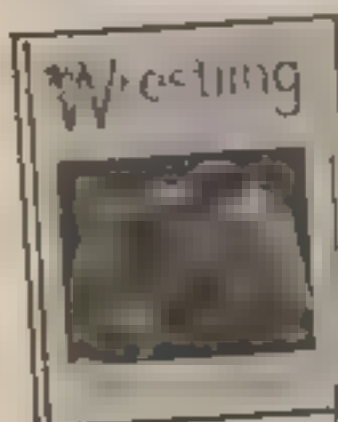


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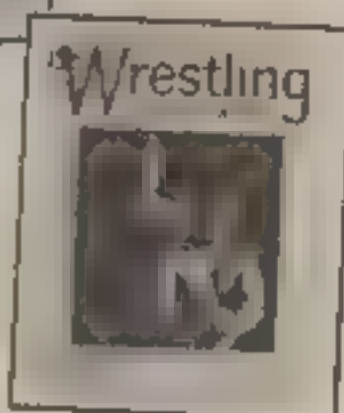
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(Continued from Page 18)



challengers that come his way. It's
going to be the best championship
reign that the NWA has ever seen."

George Nathan, Memphis, TN

"Aw, what are you asking me for?"

Do you really think Flair deserves

that title? I don't. And I don't think

many other people do, either.

Come on, wrestling fans, just look

at what Ric Flair is and what he

stands for. Is this the kind of

champion you want to represent

the NWA all around the world?"

Granted, Dusty Rhodes was no

bargain, but Ric Flair sure isn't

much better. I can't wait for the

day when all these two-bit

amateurs are eliminated and a real

champion takes over, somebody

like Tommy Rich, or even Harley

Race again. Harley Race: now

there was a true champion."

Eddie McMillan, Orlando, FL

"Flair will handle his new

championship with all the tact and

superb excellence that he has

demonstrated as a contender and

Flair trips out Jack Brisco, a former two-
time NWA champion. How long will Flair
hold the belt?

challenger. I hope that he will

initiate a three-way championship

title match, between himself,

Backlund, and Bockwinkel. If he

did that, he would surely defeat

them both and prove to the entire

world once and for all who the real

champion of wrestling is."

Anthony Martiniello, Boston, MA

"Hey, Ric Flair is a prince, you

know what I'm saying? He's a real

champion, not like those weasels

Bockwinkel or Backlund or that

Dusty the Whale character. And he

leaves that spaghetti-spitter Bruno

in the dust. Of all the champions

that all three federations have ever

seen, I predict that Ric Flair will go

down in history as the best of the

best, a true classic of champions.

It's obvious when you look at the

man's superb record. And the

really astounding thing is that he's

just getting started!" ☐

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Jerry Brisco

(Continued from Page 32)



With the crowning of Ric Flair as NWA heavyweight champion, there is an awesome burden on junior heavyweight champion Jerry Brisco to uphold the honor of the Alliance. Above, Brisco defends his belt against Eddy Mansfield.

tendencies towards roughhousing and questionable tactics that Flair often shows. To see you in Thornton's position is to see a cleansing of that championship spot. It is a blow for self-respecting wrestlers and fans everywhere.

The junior heavyweight title is the second most important title in the NWA. If people are disgusted with the heavyweight champion, they will turn to the junior heavyweight champion for guidance.

If people become disgusted

with Ric Flair, they will turn to you for guidance.

People are becoming disgusted with Ric Flair.

For these reasons, the wrestling community will soon be casting its collective eyes upon Jerry Brisco. They will be looking to you for guidance. You must set an example they will be proud to follow.

When they do, you had better be ready. The responsibility is a very real one, and it is one for which you ought to be well prepared.

You should pay close attention to the actions of Ric Flair. Know that when he performs some sort of action that will repel the fans, you will be there to make demands. Not that you should be apologizing for Flair's shameful behavior, but that by your own example you will be in turn damning Flair for his own cruelty.

You should pay close attention to the fans, keeping half an ear to the ground to discover how fan sentiment is being directed at any given time. When the heat is on Flair, you will know that the pressure will be on you as well.



Brisco locks up The Assassin's arm during a non-title match in the heavyweight division.





Most importantly, you should pay closest attention to your own actions in and out of the ring. As we hope we have made clear to you, the hopes that are being destroyed by Flair are riding on you. It is a great responsibility that you should be aware of and prepared to deal with when the time arises. Your actions could make the difference between fans maintaining their respect for the NWA, and for abandoning the organization altogether.

Please think carefully about this, Jerry. Then make your own decision. We trust it will be the correct one. ☐

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THE TATTLER

(Continued from Page 10)

Stanley, to the mat as Backlund's legs hit him in the head. After being slammed to the mat, Backlund recovered enough to crawl on top of Valentine, who was also floored. The bell sounded ending the match, and the groggy referee raised the arm of the first man he came into contact with. It happened to be Valentine.

Realizing the mistake, Stanley considered reversing the decision. Valentine protested. Backlund protested. A meeting of referees, officials, and WWF commissioners was held in the ring. It was determined that an investigation would be undertaken, and that a rematch was set. In the meantime, the belt was being held by the WWF.

In effect, Backlund had lost the title. He is now a contender again, having to eliminate Valentine in order to regain the title. The WWF stands on the brink of chaos, a federation without a champion.

—Allison Corey

HOUSTON, TX—To celebrate the start of his incredible 50th year of involvement with professional wrestling, promoter Paul Boesch has put together a Gold Cup tournament of unprecedented proportions.

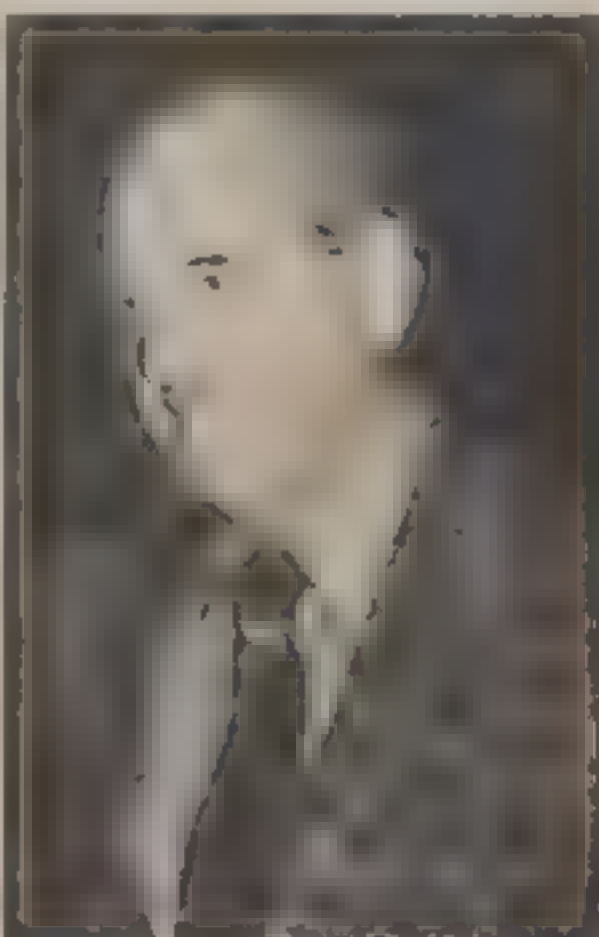
"I wanted to do something that would be very special and very memorable," said Boesch. "The trophy that we're awarding is over a foot taller than I am! We've sent invitations to wrestlers all over

the world, to every titleholder in this sport. It's a three-day affair that will have a card of 12 preliminary rounds each day on Saturday and Sunday, with the winners advancing to a one-night elimination final on Sunday.

"The entry list is going to include champions and top challengers from each of the three organizations," continued Boesch, "and it will be a weekend of wrestling that will go down in history as one of the most sweeping tournaments ever held."

Results of the Paul Boesch Gold Cup trophy tournament will be reported next month in "The Tattler."

—James Washington



PAUL BOESCH

TAMPA, FL—Despite overwhelming cries to the contrary, Assassin #1 continues to claim the NWA title that was once held by Dusty Rhodes.

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"This is a gross miscarriage of justice," Assassin #1 declared "If the referee had opened his eyes, he would have known enough to count out Rhodes and award me the NWA championship. Then, it would have been me that Flair would have had to beat, not that wimp Rhodes. My grandmother could have beaten Rhodes, that's no challenge for Flair to win the title. But Flair would never have gotten past me, that much is certain. And I would be the NWA champion today, instead of that mockery of a champion, Ric Flair."

—Barry Simon □

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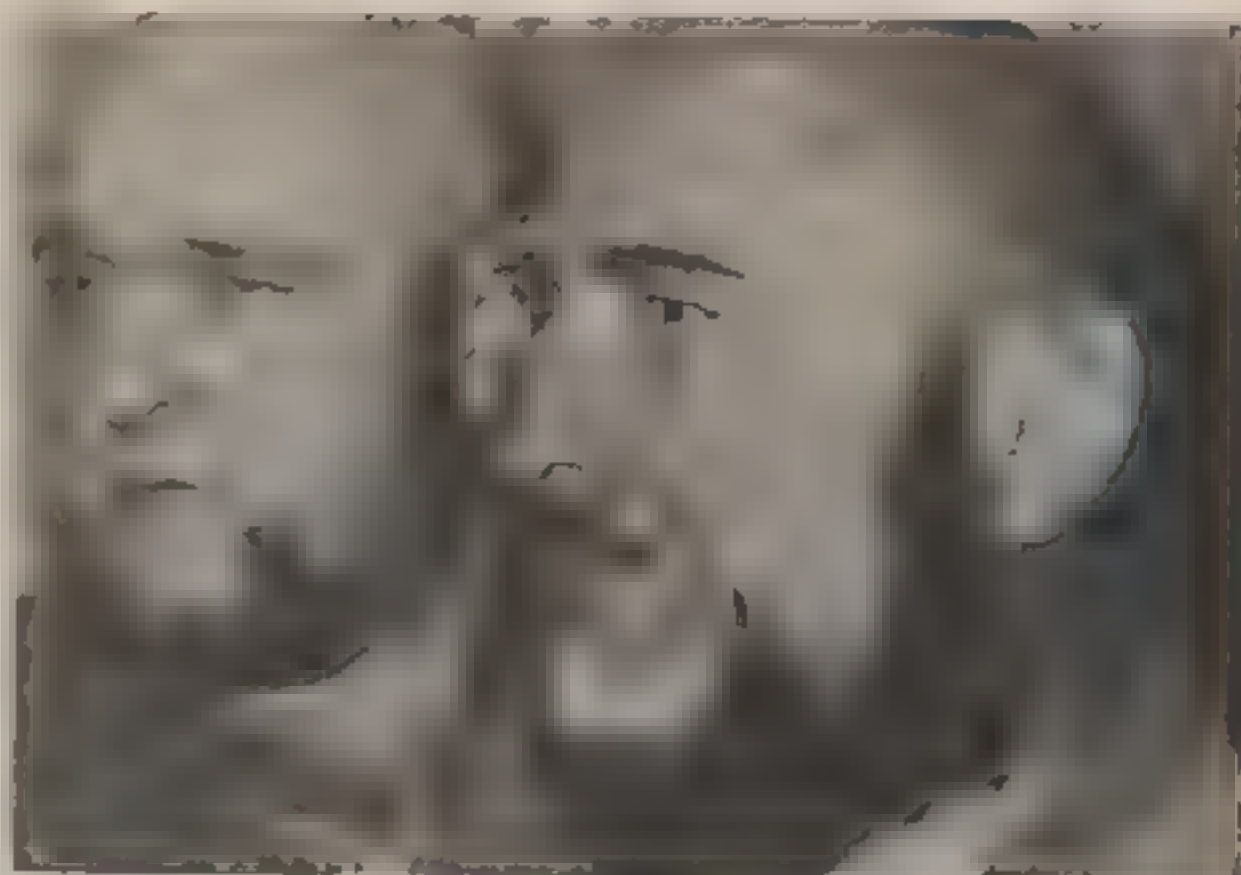
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SCRAPBOOK

(Continued from Page 25)



Butcher and Mad Dog Vachon received the support of the AWA fans for a change, but they still could not overcome the formidable combination of Nick Bockwinkel and Ray Stevens.

"The Stomper" Mitchell... AWA champion Verne Gagne was disqualified for refusing to release his sleeperhold on Nick Bockwinkel... AWA fans cheered the hated Vachon brothers in their match against Bockwinkel and Ray Stevens, but it didn't affect the outcome...
WWF RATINGS: 1-Pedro Morales; 2-Bruno Sammartino; 3-Freddie Blassie; 4-Stan Stasiak; 5-Rene Goulet; 6-Chief Jay Strongbow; 7-Victor Rivera; 8-Jim Valiant; 9-Gorilla Monsoon; 10-Karl Gotch.
NWA RATINGS: 1-Dory Funk Jr.; 2-Jack Brisco; 3-Mil Mascaras; 4-Tiger Jeet Singh; 5-John Tolos; 6-Bobo Brazil; 7-The Sheik; 8-Johnny Valentine; 9-Johnny Powers; 10-Fred Curry.
AWA RATINGS: 1-Verne Gagne; 2-Edouard Carpentier; 3-Crusher; 4-The Great Kasatsu; 5-Ali Ben Khan; 6-Baron Von Raschke; 7-Red Bastain; 8-Blackjack Mulligan; 9-Mad Dog

Vachon; 10-Jerry Miller.
TAG TEAMS: 1-Karl Gotch & Rene Goulet; 2-Pat Patterson & Billy Graham; 3-Luke Graham & Tarzan Tyler; 4-La Pantera Negra & Salvator Lothario; 5-Mil Mascaras & El Sicodelico; 6-Crusher & Red Bastain; 7-Blackjack Mulligan & Blackjack Lanza; 8-Goliath & Black Gordman; 9-The Masked Russians; 10-Kenji Shibuya & Mr. Saito.

NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1976

Young Steve Keirn captured the Southern title from The Assassin in Florida... Jack Brisco got his wish to wrestle Bob Roop in a Texas Death Match. Brisco won.

(Continued on page 54)

54

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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 40)



Nana clasps her powerful right hand across Fiona's windpipe and squeezes mercilessly (above). Fiona, the experienced warrior, positions her attack so that there can be no counter (opposite right).

Fiona would have gone flying off if her hands didn't dig into Nana's thighs. The two women, connected by a power bond both hoped to break, rolled about the carpet. Their hands were bludgeons pounding into each other's body. Each woman wanted to get away but was drawn by some force to continue this most

intimate combat.

Fiona was suffering the most pain. Her legs required the greatest concentration to do even the simplest tasks. Bending the knee—voluntarily or involuntarily—was an ordeal. Her veteran's intelligence told her that her only hope was to keep the match on the carpet. If she had to move about,

she was doomed.

In desperation, she raised her elbows high and smashed them just below Nana's collarbone. The brunette fell limp for an instant, giving Fiona the opportunity to snake her arms around Nana's neck. With all her strength, Fiona tried to crush the fight out of her foe.

Nana's body jerked spasmodically as it tried to endure the intense pain. Instinctively, Nana realized her only hope was to try to get to her feet. Using all her strength and will, she somehow conquered the agony and stood hunched over. Fiona stood tall, her arms still wrapped around Nana's



The night of the match arrived. Nana put on her red bikini and examined herself in the mirror. Her lush body was strong and fit for combat. She smiled and strode into the living room.

For the first time, she saw Fiona. The blonde looked mean and harsh in a black bikini. Nana found herself thinking that her foe might be attractive if a sneer wasn't disfiguring her features. Nana sneered back. She was determined to see how attractive Fiona was when in pain.

The match started. Fiona and Nana approached each other slowly. Their hands swirled in the

(Continued on page 58)

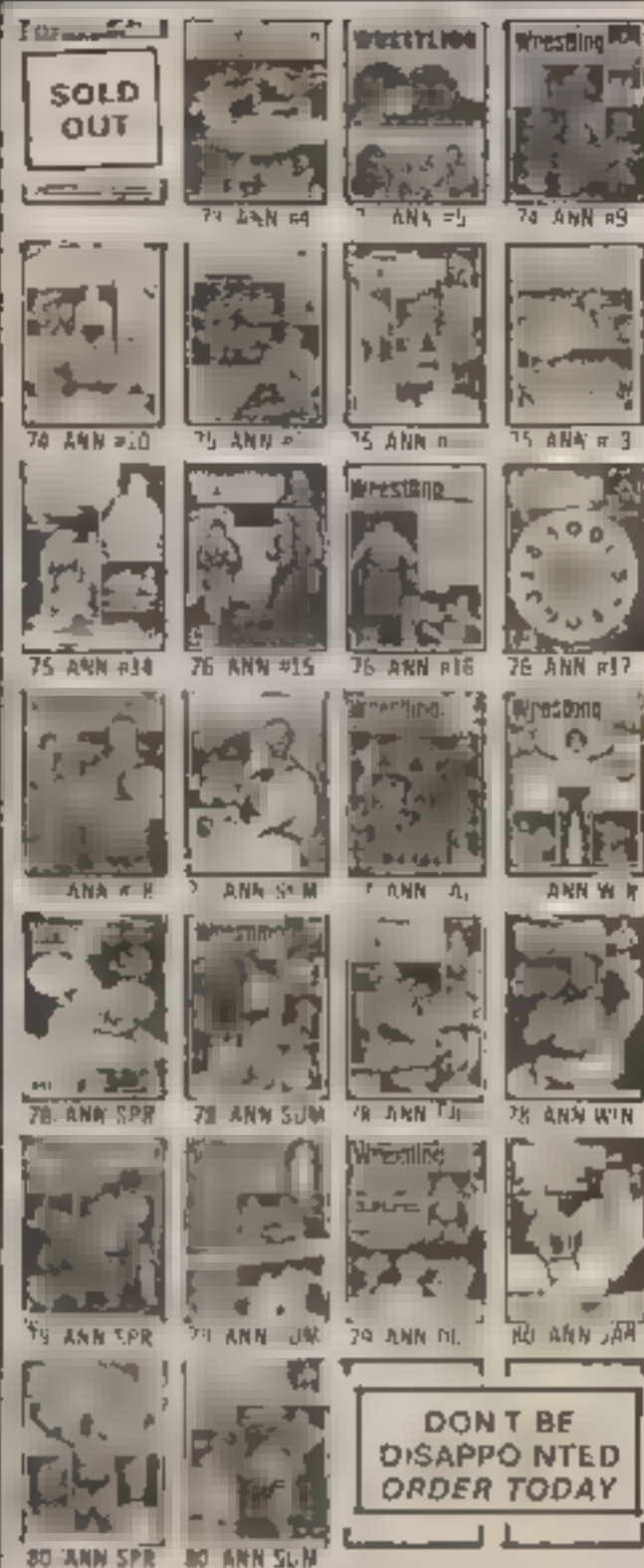
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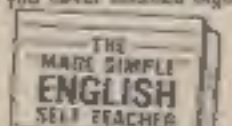
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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 56)

air, like cobras readying to strike. As they came closer, nails flailed out like talons, scratching hands and upper arms. Fiona clamped her hand around Nana's wrist and she twisted. The battle was underway.

Nana swirled around and drove

legs were shafts of pain as her knee joints ached. The blonde tried standing, but it didn't seem worth the agony. Her foe was also trying to stand, having little success. Crawling, grunting from pain, Fiona got closer to her quarry. Nearing the groggy brunette,



The beauty in her face masked by the intensity of the struggle, the voluptuous Nana applies pressure on Fiona's temples. The gorgeous brunette was quickly finding out the joys of inflicting pain.

her heel hard into Fiona's thigh. The blonde released her hold and took two steps back. At the same time, Nana tried to butt like a ram mountain goat. She intended to hit Fiona in the belly, but when the blonde stepped back, Nana's target disappeared. Instead of the soft belly, the brunette's head smacked hard into Fiona's knees. Both women crumpled to the carpet.

Nana's eyes got glassy. Fiona's

Fiona's body fell heavily upon her. It appeared that Harry got his wish. The match would soon be over.

Instead, the battle was just beginning. The touch of Fiona's flesh sent electric shocks of power through Nana's body. The brunette arched her body and shuddered like a bullwhip being snapped.

(Continued on page 62)

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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 58)



A fantastic change came over Nana the moment she became an apartment wrestler. No longer was she concerned about the well-being of her fellow man. Now, with Fiona squirming in pain, the brunette sees a chance to inflict more agony and prepares to attach a stomach claw.

neck. Yet the blonde's eyes betrayed her fear. She looked around wildly, trying to prepare herself for any forced journey ahead. She knew what was going to happen, and there was little chance of stopping it.

Nana plodded ahead, still trapped in the headlock. Yet, with each step, she could feel the hold weakening. She quickened the pace, and Fiona stumbled haplessly with her. Finally, Fiona could stand it no more and fell to the carpet.

You could see in Nana's eyes she wanted to attack, but her body was exhausted from the ordeal of getting free. Instead, she slumped

to the carpet, crouching on all fours and trying to get her balance. She was woozy, weak, but driven to keep going. She crawled, stumbled, and slowly drew nearer to Fiona.

The blonde waited in desperate anticipation. Her lips were pulled back in an ugly snarl as she saw her foe approach. Her legs might have been useless, but she still had strength and cunning. If she could get Nana in close, keep the match on the carpet, she had a chance. All she would need is that slight chance.

What people do know about her is her ferocious skills. She's the kind of wrestler who goes for the quick kill. She doesn't prolong the

(Continued on page 64)

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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 62)

match, never wishes to punish a foe rather than get a sure victory.

The only revealing comment she ever made: "I've never had the luxury to take chances. If I ever had a chance of getting something, I had to damn well make sure I could get it and keep it. Life has too many risks for me to make them for myself."

Harry purposely chose Fiona as Nana's opponent. He hoped the match would be quickly completed. Nana would be humiliated but not physically hurt, and what he looked upon as his friend's foolishness would be over.

Nana crawled within five feet of her foe. She took a deep breath and stood up. The beauty tottered slightly, but she managed to hold her balance. All was still in the room as they waited for Nana to make her move. Fiona sat stoically, her eyes flashing hatred as she awaited the beginning of the end. Both women knew after this encounter the match would be over. It was just a matter of who would emerge victorious.

Some spectators say before making her move, Nana nodded at Fiona. The same spectators say they saw Fiona almost imperceptibly nod back. Others either didn't see it or dismiss the notion as romantic claptrap.

Whatever happened in that still moment, no one argues what happened next. Nana's leg lashed out, her instep catching Fiona right under the chin. The blonde's head snapped back, her body arching as if convulsed from electric shock.

Nana fell on her supposedly stricken foe. With lightning speed, Fiona's hands reached up and grabbed Nana's neck. Her hands gripped the throat like a vise. The brunette's head jerked horribly, like a fish caught hopelessly on a hook. Her mouth opened wide, as if that



Despite her unexpected dominance, Nana didn't have the stamina of her wily opponent. But even in defeat, she accomplished something she had never accomplished before and would live a fuller and happier life for it.

could get air into her lungs. Her own hands scratched and tore at Fiona's forearms, trying to break the grip. It looked like it might be a successful tactic, for Fiona's face clearly registered the pain.

All of a sudden, Fiona's face went blank. The next instant, her knee jerked hard into Nana's belly. This was what Fiona had decided was a do-or-die effort. It had taken all her strength to make that kick. If Nana survived the pounding, Fiona had no way to retaliate.

Fiona need not have worried. Nana slumped to the carpet, the fight beaten out of her. Fiona lay on the prone figure and claimed her victory.

Later, in the dressing room, Harry expected to see Nana in tears. Instead, her eyes were shining and she was elated. Instead of absorbing other people's pain, she had taken her own. She had established herself for herself. The anguish of the world was gone. □



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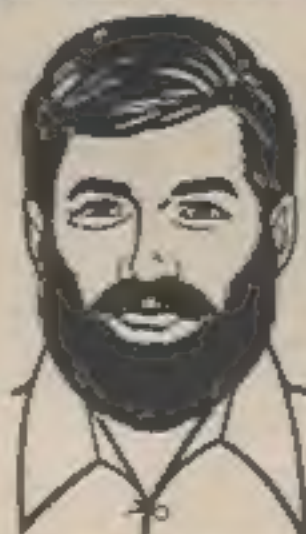
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